The Doc Says I'm Going Blind But I could Never See Anyways
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/82462156.

Rating:
General Audiences

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Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandom:
原神 | Genshin Impact (Video Game)

Relationship:
Sucrose (Genshin Impact)/Reader

Character:
Sucrose (Genshin Impact)

Additional Tags:
Blind Character, Blindness, Permanent Injury, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Guilt, Hair Brushing, Animal Traits, Nerdiness, Fluff and Hurt/Comfort, Happy, Cheek Kisses, Cuddling & Snuggling, Reader-Insert, Gender-Neutral Reader-Insert, Implied Relationships, Domestic Fluff

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-04-04 Words: 3,012 Chapters: 1/1

The Doc Says I'm Going Blind But I could Never See Anyways

by Bordementions

Summary

Sucrose/Blind Reader Hurt/Fluff

Reader used to adventure out and get materials for sucrose till they got neg diffed by smth idk, I don't know the monsters in this game

Notes

Hello again I'm here to larp as a genshin player LMAO

I think it's a decently accurate representation but keep in mind I don't play the games so yeah. I would absolutely go nuclear on sucrose though she's so cute I want to pick her up and throw her against a wall. Nerdy little dog thing idk, I want to cover her in milk and boil her. I also think sub top sucrose ANYWAYS enjoy

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The morning always begins with a specific kind of warmth—a golden weight pressing against your eyelids that doesn't bring light, only a gentle heat. You lay still for a moment, listening to the familiar rhythms of Mondstadt waking up beyond the stone walls of the laboratory. The distant, rhythmic creak of the windmills catching the morning breeze, the faint chatter of merchants setting up stalls near the fountain, and the whistle of a bird perched on the windowsill.

Usually, this is the moment you'd hear the soft scritch-scratch of a quill nearby, followed by the hesitant, melodic lilt of Sucrose's voice checking to see if you were awake.

"Sucrose?" you call out, your voice a little gravelly from sleep. "Are you there, butterfly?"

Silence. Not even the rustle of parchment or ruffle of fabric.

It's unusual. Sucrose is a creature of habit, especially when it comes to your care. Since the accident—since the day the light left your world in a flash of elemental fire—she has been your shadow, often to the point of hovering. She blames herself for every scar you carry, and her morning routine usually involves guiding your hands to your washbasin or helping you navigate the buttons of your shirt while being as nervous as possible.

You sit up, swinging your legs off the bed. You don't need her for this, though. You've spent months memorizing the geometry of this room. Ten steps to the washbasin. Three steps to the left for the dresser. You stand, keeping your touch light against the wall as a guide.

"Sucrose? If this is a game of hide-and-seek, you know I'm at a severe disadvantage," you joke, your voice echoing slightly in the quiet house.

Still nothing. You reach the basin, feeling the cool ceramic. The water is still there, slightly lukewarm—she must have prepared it at… some point? You splash your face, the sensation waking you more. The darkness is total, but the world is full of textures. The light, fluffy towel on the side of the basin, the smooth wood of the floor, the faint sweet scent that always flows throughout the house.

Navigating to the dresser, you find your clothes laid out exactly where you expect them. You dress yourself with slow, practiced movements. Your fingers trace the ridges of the scars on your forearms—reminders of the times you hunted for her bone samples—and for a fleeting

second, your chest tightens. You miss the thrill of the hunt, the way the wind felt when you were sprinting through the large fields. But then you think of Sucrose's smile when she finally cracked a formula, and the bitterness fades into a quiet, contented sigh.

Once dressed, you make your way toward the door, your hand finding the frame easily.

"Alright, Sucrose, I'm coming to find you," you announce, stepping into the hallway.

You head toward her main workspace first. It's a sensory minefield of equipment. You can smell the sharp, acidic tang of an active transmutation and the earthy aroma of crushed foragables.

"Are you at the desk? Did you fall asleep over one of your experiments again?" You reach out, your fingertips brushing over the edge of her heavy oak desk. You feel for the familiar stack of notebooks—all the same thickness, perfectly aligned. Your hand wanders to where her head usually rests when she collapses from exhaustion, but you find only the cold, hard surface of the wood.

A slight frown tugs at your lips. You move toward the stairs, your feet finding the edge of each step with the confidence of someone who has climbed them a thousand times. You head down to the ground floor, where the retail shop is located.

"Sucrose? Hello?"

The air down here is cooler, smelling of the street outside—fresh air and stone. You walk behind the counter, your hand sliding along the polished surface where the potions are usually lined up by hue and effect. You listen intently, hoping to hear the flick of her ears or the soft gasp she makes when she's startled.

The shop is empty. Completely and utterly empty. The bell above the door doesn't chime. The house feels strangely hollow without her soft, frantic energy buzzing in the background. She never leaves without telling you—she's far too worried that you'll trip or need something while she's gone.

"Where did you go, butterfly?" you murmur to the empty room, a small seed of unease beginning to take root.

Suddenly, the stillness is interrupted, especially to your rather sensitive ears.

Clang-a-lang-lang! The bell above the front door doesn't just chime; it nearly busts off as the door is practically kicked inward. You flinch slightly—not out of fear, but from the sheer volume of the chaos that suddenly floods the room. It sounds like a small hurricane has just entered the shop, accompanied by the clattering of what must be at least half a dozen wooden crates and glass bottles.

"Oh, goodness—oh, dear—pardon me, coming through! Excuse me, door, please don't... oomph!"

It’s her. You’d know that breathless, flustered stammer anywhere.

"I'm late, I'm late, the sun has been up for exactly forty-two minutes more than my projected arrival time," Sucrose mutters, her voice muffled as if she’s speaking directly into a wall of cardboard. "The Butcher was... he was very talkative about the marrow quality, and then there was the shipment of lenses, and I—I haven't even started the hot water or checked the bandages! They’re going to wake up and —and—oh, I'm a terrible housemate!"

You hear her boots scuffling quickly across the floorboards. The scent of fresh parchment, cold morning air, and that distinct, sweet aroma of nectar whizzes right past you. You can practically feel the displacement of air as she scurries by, her vision clearly completely obstructed by the mountain of supplies she’s hauling.

"Sucrose?" you call out, a wide, amused grin spreading across your face. "Hey, I'm right here, you know."

"Must... get... upstairs..." she grunts, completely ignoring you—or more likely, her own panicked internal monologue is screaming so loud she can’t hear anything else. "If they try to get water by themself and slip, I’ll never forgive myself! Please wait! I’m on my way!"

You hear her heavy, burdened footsteps thumping up the wooden stairs. Each step sounds like a precarious gamble with gravity. You stand at the base of the staircase, leaning against the banister, listening to the comedy of errors unfolding above you.

"I'm back! I—I'm so sorry, I’m here!" you hear her shout from the top of the landing. There’s a loud thud-clatter—likely her dropping the boxes onto the hallway floor. Then, the sound of a door being flung open.

A beat of absolute silence follows.

"Empty?" her voice drops to a tiny, horrified squeak. "The bed is... it's cold. They're gone. Oh, no. Oh, Archons, did they wander out? Did they fall out the window?!"

You can't help it. A light, yet hearty laugh escapes you, echoing up the stairwell. "Down here, butterfly!"

There's a sharp, audible gasp from above, followed by the frantic pitter-patter of boots. She doesn't just walk down the stairs; she practically throws herself down them. You hear her stumble on the last two steps, a little "Eek!" escaping her before she rights herself and skids to a halt right in front of you.

She's breathing hard, trying her best to collect herself.

You feel her small, gloved hands suddenly fluttering over your shoulders, your chest, your arms, like a pair of nervous birds checking for damage.

"You—you're downstairs!" she cries, her voice a mix of profound relief and high-pitched anxiety. "And you're... you're dressed! You did the buttons yourself? But—but the third button is always so tricky, and I was supposed to help with the alignment! Are you hurt? Did you bump into the corner of the lab table? I told myself I'd be back before the light hit the clocktower, I—I'm so, so sorry!"

You feel her thumb brush against a scar on your wrist—a reminder of a large blade that nearly cut the whole thing off—and her touch instantly falters, turning hesitant and soft. You know that feeling. Even without seeing her, you know her ears are low and scared and her amber eyes are brimming with that familiar, heartbreaking guilt.

"I'm perfectly fine, Sucrose," you say softly, reaching out to catch one of her wandering hands. You find her fingers—they're cold from the morning air—and squeeze them gently. "I actually enjoyed the challenge. It's like a puzzle, remember? Alchemy for the fingers."

"It's not a joke," she whispers, her voice trembling just a bit as she leans her forehead against your arm. "You shouldn't have to... to solve 'puzzles' just to put on a shirt because I was too busy buying lizard tails. I'm supposed to be your eyes. I'm supposed to make this... this arrangement actually work for you."

"Sucrose, breathe. You're going to hyperventilate and then I'll have to figure out how to do medical alchemy on you by scent alone," you say, your voice a low, teasing hum that cuts through her frantic

stammering.

She doesn't stop, her boots clicking restlessly on the floorboards as she paces a tiny semi-circle around you. "But the—the schedule! I didn't leave out the salve for the bandage soak, and I—I haven't even put the kettle on! I'm a mess—"

"Stop," you command gently, but with that lingering authority of an adventurer who used to stare down Mitachurls without blinking. You reach out into the void, your palms open and upturned, waiting. "Come here. Give me your hands."

You hear her pacing falter. The silence that follows is thick with her hesitation. You know exactly what she's looking at—she's staring at your hands, at the pale, raised ridges of scar tissue that mapped out your continuous, and often disastrous encounters with those so many enemies in the past. You can almost feel her amber eyes welling up, her mind replaying the moment she couldn't reach you in time.

"I... I shouldn't," she whispers, her voice cracking. "My gloves are cold, and your skin is so... I don't want to hurt you more than I already have."

"Sucrose," you say, your tone softening into a warm, irresistible invitation. "You've never hurt me. Not once. Now, hands. That's an order."

A small, shaky breath escapes her, and then you feel it—the familiar, soft leather of her gloves sliding into your palms. She's trembling, her fingers twitching against yours like trapped birds. You don't let go; instead, you wrap your fingers firmly around hers, squeezing just enough to ground her. You step forward, closing the gap until you can feel the heat radiating from her body, the faint scent of wind-wheel asters and old books envelops you.

You pull her closer, letting her stumble into your chest. One of your hands leaves hers to find the back of her head, your fingers burying themselves in that soft, minty-green hair. You feel her ears twitch against your palm, a reactive little flutter that tells you she's finally starting to calm down.

"See? The world didn't end," you murmur into her hair, patting her head rhythmically. "I'm dressed, I'm washed, and I haven't tripped over a single alembic. You're doing a great job, Sucrose. Truly."

She lets out a long, shuddering sigh, her forehead resting heavily

against your shoulder. "I... I just wanted everything to be perfect today. I went out at 4:00 AM to the butcher for the fresh marrow bones you like for the broth, and then I had to wait for the Flora's shop to open because I wanted fresh Cecilia flowers for the lab—to make it smell better for you. But then the Knights had a patrol blocking the side street, and I... I got caught up observing a mutation in the dandelions near the gate..."

You chuckle, a rich sound that vibrates through you and into her. You pull back just enough to "look" toward her face, even if your eyes remain clouded and unfocused. You reach up and playfully ruffle her hair, messily displacing that carefully styled bob.

"So, you're telling me you ignored your best friend for a weed?" you say, faking a stern, wounded pout. "I'm hurt, Sucrose. Deeply offended. I might have to retire from being your roommate if I'm second place to a dandelion."

"No! No, no, it's not like that!" she squeaks, her hands flying up to try and smooth her hair back down, though she doesn't pull away from your touch. "It was—it was a tetrapetalous variation! It shouldn't exist in this climate! I had to take notes, it could lead to a breakthrough!"

You grin, knowing you've successfully flipped the "science switch" in her brain. The guilt is being shoved aside by her insatiable curiosity. "A tetrapetalous variation, huh? Well, I suppose I can forgive you if you tell me everything. What did you get in those boxes, anyway? Besides the bones and the 'revolutionary' weeds?"

Immediately, her posture shifts. She perks up, her voice losing its shaky edge and gaining that rapid-fire, scholarly excitement that you love so much.

"Oh! Well, since you asked... I managed to secure a shipment of spores from Sumeru! If I can successfully cross-breed them with our local mushrooms, we might be able to create a glow-in-the-dark salve that emits a low-frequency hum. I was thinking... since you can hear so well now, maybe we could 'label' different parts of the house with different sound-emitting fungi? Like, the kitchen could sound like a C-sharp, and the bathroom could be an E-flat! It would increase your navigational efficiency by at least 15%!"

"A musical house, Sucrose? You're turning our home into a symphony," you say, your voice a rich, teasing hum. You don't let her scurry back to her boxes just yet; instead, you guide her by the

shoulder toward the living area. You know the layout by heart—the soft dip in the floorboards where the rug begins, the way the air cools as you move away from the lab's heat.

"It's not just a symphony, it's—it's bio-alchemical spatial mapping!" she insists, her voice rising in that endearing, pitched-up way it does when she's defending a thesis. "If the kitchen emits a low-frequency hum of approximately sixty hertz, your inner ear could subconsciously triangulate your position without you having to—oh!"

You gently pull her down onto the plush, overstuffed couch. It groans under your combined weight, and you maneuver yourself so she's tucked firmly into your side. Sucrose lets out a tiny, muffled squeak as she's folded into your embrace, her stiff, usually lacking posture melting into you like sugar in warm tea.

"Spatial mapping can wait for ten minutes, Professor," you murmur. You reach up, your fingers finding the soft, familiar silk of her hair. You begin to idly comb through the messy strands you ruffled earlier, your touch deliberate and slow. "Tell me more about the spores. Did they survive the trip from Sumeru?"

"They... they did," she breathes, her head lulling back against your shoulder. You can feel her animal ears twitching rhythmically against your collarbone, a sure sign that her "fight-or-flight" response has finally shifted into "pure-comfort" mode. "The spores are... they're quite resilient. I had to stabilize the container with a Cryo-infused solution to prevent premature germination. If I can successfully graft them onto the local lamp grass, the luminosity should increase by at least forty percent. It would make the lab so much brighter... though, I—I suppose that doesn't help you as much as I'd like."

Her voice falters at the end, that shadow of guilt trying to creep back in. You don't give it room to breathe. You shift your hand from her hair to the small of her back, pulling her even tighter against you until there isn't a sliver of air between your bodies. You can feel the steady, rapid thump-thump of her heart against your ribs.

"It helps because it makes you happy, Sucrose," you say softly, your blind eyes turned toward the general direction of her. "And besides, I like the idea of a house that hums. It'll feel like the building itself is talking to me."

"I... I hadn't thought of it that way," she whispers. She reaches up, her gloved fingers tentatively brushing over your hand that rests on her

waist. She traces the faint, jagged line of a scar on your knuckle, but this time she doesn't flinch away. She just holds your hand, her thumb tracing the skin with a reverence that borders on worship. "You always find a way to make my failed... results sound like a gift."

"Because they are," you counter.

You tilt your head, following the sound of her soft breathing until you feel the warmth of her cheek near your lips. You lean in, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to the soft skin of her cheek, right near the edge of her glasses.

Sucrose stiffens for a split second, a tiny "Mmph!" escaping her, and then she practically glows. You can feel the sudden heat of a fierce blush radiating from her face—a biological reaction you don't need eyes to identify. She hides her face in the crook of your neck, her ears flattening completely in a fit of shy, overwhelmed affection.

"That… I… thank you," she mumbles into your skin, her breath tickling your neck.

"Consider it a reward for a successful morning errand," you chuckle, resting your chin on top of her head. You close your eyes, though it changes nothing of the view, and simply sink into her. Out there, Mondstadt is busy and loud, but here, in the quiet heart of the lab, the only thing that matters is the weight of the girl in your arms and the smell of sweet flowers clinging to her lab coat.

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